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Chain'd to one Party's arbitrary sway,
We cleave to truth where'er she leads the way.

IN ADVANCE

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO LITERARY, COMMERCIAL, AGRICULTURAL, SCIENTIFIC, GENERAL AND LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

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ORIGINAL TALES.

Written Expressly for the Ledger. EARLY LIFE, —OR— FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

BY P. T. MODRY.

At the house of Mr. — was a party which was long remembered, and never forgotten by Alice, occasions of this name and character, were very popular at the time and in the country to which we allude, dancing entertainments were finally held in disrepute, or at least, large majorities, strongly opposed them; civilization became vider, and more extensively spread while the religion of the bible prevailed. But the party to which we allude was of a civil and polite character, male and female anticipated the occasion with pleasure, hospitable preparations were making, and every means provided by the host that could add to the comfort and pleasure of his guests, and all who might be present.

The evening of the fare came, when the young of both sex were arrayed in all the fashion of the day, all were pleasant and agreeable; each and all were satisfied of realizing the objects of their respective pursuits.

The belle upon the occasion was Miss Fannie, however, the fair one who is honored with this preeminence is not always the first to enjoy conjugal life. Many opportunities to engage in matrimony, may be offered, but each successive proposal, is but one more token of gaining a higher and more elevated distinction in marriage; but it is not always the case, that the distinguished character, bearing the above appellation, has the greatest number of gallants or adorers, for others less estimated with respect to distinguished qualifications, of honorable position, may be more generally esteemed, for many good qualities, and perhaps, for natural beauty, for which they have never received due credit. But Fannie was really a handsome lady, she was admired by all who knew her, she had the ability to win the affections of others without assuming any trait or feature of disposition, that did not belong to her, many would have esteemed the privilege of conversing with her upon the general topics of the day, but could not retain the prerequisites to engage her attention pleasantly.

Mr. Morton, the father of Alice, formerly lived in a country, noted for its facilities and advantages to education, and for many other excellencies; he was a merchant by trade, and by his perseverance and industry, had acquired a handsome fortune, especially so, including that portion, to which Fannie Morton (half sister to Alice), was heir. This division of property, having been occasioned by the death of her mother, Mr. Morton's first wife.

During his residence here, Alice was learned in all the female literature, she was at the age of twelve, when she began the higher branches of popular learning; during four successive years she was engaged at school. In the beginning of her sixteenth year she completed her education, and now, she was all that could be desired, lovely and graceful, her forehead prominent and full, her countenance beaming with pleasure and intellect, her hair hung in ringlets about her snowy and imblembed neck, her features inclined to delicacy, her figure admirable, and in a word, almost perfection. She was beloved by her school mates and mistresses, her attachment was strong to the society in which she lived. Her father had purchased land in a section of country some seventy miles distant, to which he was fast making preparations to go. We do not know the cause of his moving, unless it was a speculative one, which supposition, in all probability, is correct.

Alice was quite pious and had been taught her moral and christian duties, both by her parents, and to her divine mother, and she was at all times ready to sanction, and attend, to any advice which her parents would give her. It was heart-rending to Alice to bid adieu to her native friends and school mates, the land of her birth, and in which she had been raised, and educated, was dear to heart. But she resisted these temptations, and thought to console herself, with her sister Fannie, and brother William.

Mr. Morton and family were soon on the road. Alas! for Alice, she was broken hearted. She was to experience great trouble in the unknown future, her language was that she would yield to the providence of a supreme being, she would endeavor to conceal from her parents, that remorse, that indescribable pain, the cause of which, she feared to inform a single friend.

They finally arrived safely at their new purchased residence. Alice thought to be pleased with her new home as it was more beautiful than that which she left far behind. It was the dawn of spring; when the magnificent view was first seen. Fannie and Alice, commenced the work of planting, and transplanting, their beautiful and fashionable flowers; these partly served as a memorial of home, and many incidents connected with their native country. Soon were the yard, and garden walks, all splendidly arranged and grandly decorated with the most pleasant trees, blooming in all their varied colors, the birds sang sweetly, every note echoing amid the drizzling scenery. But this was not sufficient within itself to render Alice happy, every thing seemingly conducive to pleasure, was in her possession. It was evident to her parents that she was not so interesting, nor yet so lively as she was, or had been during years passed.

On one occasion, Mr. Morton asked her if she was not pleased with her new situation, she answered, that she was, and took this opportunity to ask the liberty of visiting once more, her native friends, and home. As Mr. Morton had business to transact, which he had left unfinished, he granted her request, and in a short time they were on their way thither; they arrived safely, and were kindly and happily received by their friends and acquaintances.

It was a pleasant time with Alice, to be surrounded by her school mates, she felt as if once more at home, although she was not to complete her visit, it was more than she could ask of Mr. Morton; she endeavored several times to acquaint him of her wishes, but her heart sank in every attempt, yet her visits were quite interesting and what she could learn from general observation, was of great satisfaction to her troubled mind. Their time was about being spent, as it was somewhat limited, and they soon returned. Their arrival was anxiously expected by Mrs. Morton, and those left at home; they anticipated great improvement upon Alice, at least with respect to the state of her mind; her relations gathered around her, anxious to hear from their friends and acquaintances generally. Alice mustered up all the strength and fortitude possible, and related the particulars of their journey, with as much self interest as possible, though it was a trying time with Alice Morton, nevertheless, her relations and friends passed off the evening of her arrival with some encouragement as to her future improvement generally.

William Morton was quite popular, and generally esteemed by all his associates, as many would love him to secure his influence, if possible, he was amiable and kind to those who would visit him; his education was more limited than that of either of his sisters. His attention at home was very necessary, as I before observed, Mr. Morton conducted a tolerably extensive business, and therefore required William's services as a clerk. Though he was not long to remain with his father he soon acquainted Mr. Morton that he desired to discontinue his present business and moreover, that he wished to engage in some occupation in his own name, as he was about or nearly twenty one. He informed his father of the character of the business he wished to engage in, and passing over some reasons of this notion, stated that his sister Fannie was interested in the concern, and did not know to what extent, and objected to remaining longer with his father, without a more thorough knowledge of the nature of the business of his property. Mr. Morton insisted on his remaining with him, and offered every inducement, as his leaving him would be an irreparable loss. But it was not the object of William's commencing business in his own name, which caused his indisposition, it was something that asserted greater influence on his mind than any difficulty connected with Mr. Morton's property; however, Mr. Morton was soon in possession of William's intentions, and a speedy marriage between him and Miss

Julia Waters was consummated. Mr. Morton's first business was to engage the services of a competent clerk, which he soon succeeded to do. William's wife was quite handsome and very interesting, also of a wealthy and quite a noted family. Mr. Waters gave William and his wife quite an interesting party, to which we have referred. The entertainment was quite interesting, and a spectator could have come to no other conclusion than that each and all present enjoyed themselves finely. It was not two long hours when Alice would have been happy, had she known that it was Albert Nelson, whom she saw pass through the room, on the opposite side from which she was seated; of course her eyes were fixed upon the person, until to her great satisfaction, she recognized him as being the object of her affections. She was now uneasy as to the manner in which she could best pass off the time of her continuance in his company, without being detected as to some change in her manners, and general conduct. Albert Nelson was soon introduced to the ladies, by one of his acquaintances, among whom was Miss Alice Morton, with whom he was acquainted during her school days, at the institution of the town of W. He had spent many interesting weeks, months and even years with Alice Morton, he felt rejoiced that providence had thrown him once more in the company of almost a forgotten friend; he was now some twenty two years of age, in the bloom of manhood; he was learned, pious and handsome; his figure was admirable and stately; his face and neck fair, his hand delicate and fine; he was dressed in all the leading fashion. Alice too, had changed in appearance. From a school girl, she had advanced to the age of eighteen, and passed, she was just what Albert delighted to look upon, beautifully dressed, both nature and art had done their share in clothing her, as an object of beauty.

The occasion passed off pleasantly with Albert and Alice, though but few words of a private character passed between them. No doubt each one thought of the best manner in which to pass off the time, during their stay at Mr. Waters. The time came when the entertainment was about closing, when the party were making preparations to return to their respective homes, Albert by turn addressed a few words to Alice before she departed. It is reasonable to suppose that Albert's company to Mr. Morton's would have been quite agreeable to Alice, but it was thought a little inexpedient for reasons untold; and he pursued his journey homeward. Alice seemed to be somewhat elated with her enjoyment at Mr. Waters, and for the first time Mr. and Mrs. Morton suspected with great certainty, the cause of Alice's unhappiness during the two years past. The family of Mr. Nelson, Albert's father, were not wealthy, but in ordinary circumstances; they were very much respected in the community in which they lived; they were religious while peace and harmony reigned in the family. Mr. Nelson was a planter by occupation, and very noted as such, he had two most choice daughters, whose names were Ella and Amanda. They were kind and agreeable, and were very much respected and loved by those who knew them. Their visitants could be pleased in their company as they possessed a very entertaining disposition. Mr. Nelson lived some little distance from the institution to which we referred, at which place his daughters received their education. Of course, they and Alice Morton were quite intimate, and esteemed one, and the others, as sisters. Young men were occasionally privileged to visit the institution, especially those who had sisters there, and it was by this means, together with the influence of Ella and Amanda Nelson, that Alice became attached to Albert Nelson, while occasional visits, as a family custom, strengthened their affections; and planted germs of love that could never die, or fade away.

Mr. Nelson and family, had very correct notions, as to Albert's intentions, while Mr. Morton and family remained in ignorance, up to the time of the party which we mentioned. We can now account for Alice's wishes to visit her native friends, etc., and had Mr. Morton accompanied her to Mr. Nelsons, she could have related her narrative with becoming intelligence, when she arrived at home; Mr. Morton would have attended her to Mr. Nelsons, had she so requested him, but his living some distance from the neighborhood, in which he had general business, would have rendered it inexpedient.

Albert's affections were quite tender towards Alice, and he esteemed her above all others. Both mutually consented, without some providential hindrance, and on certain conditions, to be happily married. Albert had been on a tour to the west, attending to some special business of his fathers, and on his return, past through the country in which Mr. Morton lived. On general inquiry, he learned that he was near Mr. Morton's house; also, that his son had recently married, and on the evening following, a party was expected at Mr. Waters. Albert was anxious to get home, but his wishes to see Alice Morton preponderated all others. He was entertained in a manner becoming to his land lord, and to all around him, and on the next morning promised Alice that he would see her in a short time.

Albert had the pleasure of seeing two of his friends, or acquaintances, at Mr. Waters, and by the way, learned of them that Alice Morton was engaged to be married, to a Mr. Russell; this was disagreeable news to him, that a pleasure realized was so soon blighted.

Mr. Russell was the son of a wealthy planter, living in that section. But this did not have the power to prevent him from visiting Alice according to promise. Albert soon landed at his fathers house, while traveling along the lone some way, he would forget himself in the power of thought, he would fancy that Alice was by his side. The one who had ever been near his heart, was there conversing sweetly along the road; her pathetic voice mingling with the perpetual sound of a water brook descending from some lofty cliff.

Alice, the name Alice, was written upon every breath the birds would sing amid the branches of the waving oak, the honey bee mingle his song of sympathy, while dancing from bloom to bloom hushed in silence while passing through the sounding woods. His parents and sisters were proud to see him return; he had many pleasing anecdotes to relate besides the pleasure of saying that he had seen Alice Morton on his way home. His sisters were agreeably surprised and made instant inquiry concerning her whereabouts and health, and of course expressed a desire to see her. According to promise, it was not long ere Albert was on his way to Mr. Morton's, and soon found himself at his residence; he dismounted, saw his object passing from the garden to the house; he met her at the steps of the piazza and after usual compliments they walked to the parlor, when Mr. Nelson was introduced to her father and Mrs. Morton, of course manner of politeness, upon the part of Alice does not preclude any prior acquaintance between her parents and Albert, which might follow as a consequence, for they had been particularly acquainted some years past. Alice had learned that her parents objected to any intercourse between her and Albert Nelson, especially at that particular crisis, as it might in some measure interfere with Mr. Russell's intentions. What they had never informed her particularly, what their objections were, to Mr. Nelson; but it was evident to Alice that no reasonable objection could be made to him, and concluded in her own mind that his temperamental circumstances was the consideration. Sure enough Mr. Morton was conscious that if she preferred Albert Nelson to Mr. Russell, she would exchange wealth for poverty. However, Albert Nelson was too handsome, too gentlemanly in appearance, not to be treated and entertained in a respectable manner. We now imagine Alice and Albert accompanied by Miss Fannie traversing and wondering over the beautiful garden embellished with all the varieties of blossoms, giving order to every breath; they are seated beneath the shading magnolia fanned by every gentle breeze. At this juncture Fannie excuses herself and leaves them for a short time. They were pleasant, the time is too short it passed off too swiftly; they could not particularize their history for the past two years, and more, it was enough that they were once more together. Albert wished to improve the time or that pleasant opportunity to his best advantage, and to his satisfaction if possible; and requested Alice to explain the nature of the report abroad, that she was engaged to a Mr. Russell. Alice expected

to be questioned upon this delicate point, and had prepared to meet the exigency with as much composure as possible. She began to speak in broken voice, and to relate what had occurred relative to his inquiry; she said that it was her parents request, that she marry Mr. Russell and that it was approved of by her sister Fannie and brother William; though she had never promised them that she would marry Charles Russell, neither was she unavoidably engaged to him, signifying that she had not made a positive engagement.

Albert had heard this report, and no doubt it was the general impression that there was no opposition to Mr. Russell, however he was disposed to confide in what she affirmed. She continued that she had said, that she never could marry a person whom she did love.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LOVE CURE—A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

I had already had some skill and notoriety in my treatment of pulmonary complaints, and travelling North one summer for health and rest, I stopped for a few weeks at a beautiful little village near the St. Lawrence, where I was somewhat known.

I had only been in the village two days, when I was called to see the young daughter of a wealthy farmer by the name of Summer.

Ida Summer had been the belle of the county, and, though only seventeen, her marvellous beauty had already kindled a quenchless fire in the heart of many a suitor for her favor. Frank, confident, and at once playful and modest, arch, yet innocent, full of wild spirits, yet utterly devoid of coquetry; to see her was to love her.

I found the peerless girl, whom I had remembered from the summer before as buoyant and rosy with health, pale and wan as a summer cloud, and apparently in the last and closing stages of a deep decline.

A careful investigation into the state of her lungs convinced me that her's was a mental rather than a physical consumption. I studied her case carefully, watched the various expressions of her speaking face, and a last came to the conclusion that her malady was one of the heart.

Of unrequited affection I could not think that, beautiful and good as she was. The case was a difficult one.

Tenderly and gently I probed every sounding, but could arrive at no conclusion. Thus much I discovered; that she possessed no particular regard for any one of the youths far or near, whose name I could get hold of. And, notwithstanding all my efforts, she seemed rapidly declining.

I made minute inquiry into her past life; but cautiously, as not to let my motives be apparent.

I learned that she had spent a few weeks of the winter preceding with an intimate friend in an adjoining town, and from that time had begun to fade.

To that town I repaired; but by closest inquiry could ascertain nothing. To all alike she had been friendly, but nothing more. The clergyman of the church which she had attended was a young man, but she had given to study and seclusion. She had consequently seen nothing of him except in the pulpit. I had made a pretext to call on him, and found him a man altogether made after the model of what might be the highest aspirations of woman's heart. In fact, all the unengaged young ladies of the parish were well nigh crazy about him. But to all he accorded nothing but a friendly greeting; and leaving them all, sought the privacy of his own study. He was eminently handsome and, added to his tall, manly form and beautifully chiselled features, he possessed a benignity of expression that was nearly divine.

I had much conversation with him, and among other things, I casually mentioned Ida Summer and her evidently dying state, enlarging somewhat on her beauty and goodness.

His color deepened somewhat as he assented to my remarks, and expressed his own regrets at her untimely fate; but otherwise he manifested no emotion.

I remarked, before I left him, that it was time for him to give his pretty paragon a mistress.

"I may, many years from now," replied he, with a sudden and deepening sadness; "but I early learned to distrust the disinterested and heartless affection of our modern young women. If I marry, I shall probably marry late in life."

"A fallacy, take my word for it," Mr. Stuart. Our modern women, some of them, are as fond and true as any of the dames of old. The thing is to find the right one."

And thus saying, I bade him good morning.

On my return, I found my patient rather lower than I left her. I told her I had been to the village of —. Suddenly and tumultuously the warm blood rushed up to her bosom and her face, and she looked at me with her soft, inquiring eyes. I told her of her friends and casually mentioned the name of the young clergyman, Robert Stuart. To her clear, blue-veined temples the same transient blood sped with fearful force.

I had seen enough. I knew her disease and most probably its remedy. I instantly wrote a note to Mr. Stuart, merely saying—

"If you would save a life, lose not a moment in hastening to — (the name of the town.) I will await you at my lodgings."

I signed my name, and dispatched it by a private messenger.

Sooner than I expected, the young clergyman was at my hotel.

I had prepared Ida for a conversation with a clergyman, specifying, however, no one in particular. I led him to her chamber, saw her blush and start of joy and modesty.

What then and there transpired, no one but the great searcher of hearts and the two of his choicest handiwork thus brought together—a dying girl and a minister of Heaven—can answer.

I left them alone as long as I thought her weak state might bear, and when I opened the door I found him sitting beside her bed, her slender hand fast locked in his, and his soul beaming eyes pouring life and love upon her.

My eyes filled with tears as I caught a sight of her radiant face, so full of peace and serene bliss and life; but the tears I shed were the tears of joy.

My patient, with almost one bound, regained her health and strength, and the glorious representative of God's minister upon earth changing his mind upon the subject of matrimony in favor of the "right one," is now one of the few truly happy men on earth; happy in a life marriage with one every way congenial with him, and every way worthy of him.—A Family Physician.

AGRICULTURAL.

Deep Plowing and Manuring

The following, from the American Agriculturalist, is particularly worthy of attention. Deep plowing and thorough manuring are paramount to every other consideration in farming. Without a rich soil, crops will be meagre in growth, and unproductive, and without deep culture and drouth, which has become almost an annual visitant, is much more pernicious in its effects.

As I now look over a portion of the Mohawk flats, and on the sides of the contiguous hills, I can see that vegetation is making rapid progress. The luxuriant grass and towering pines that grow there, are indebted to the earth for their sustenance. Deprive them of mold, how soon they die; but enrich the earth, and how astonishingly fast they grow. As the earth supports all plants, how exceedingly judicious we should be in the management of our land. There is nothing which presents a subject of such vast importance to the human race as this; it can be classed with those that are the most difficult that can be discussed. As plants are perpetually confined to the same portion of earth, by being destitute of the faculty of locomotion, they are compelled to seek for that proper aliment indispensable to their growth, in that ground in which they chance to be located. Consequently how requisite it is for the ground to be loose, so that the roots can freely extend, for the purpose of supporting the plant by extracting the nourishing juices of the soil. This condition of the land is indispensable to profitable farming. Deep plowing is advantageous to that land where the top soil is too compact or clayey; immediately subjacent there is a layer of sand or other light soil; for, allowing the plow to run deep, the soil is in a measure mixed together, thus rendering one loose and the other more compact. It is also useful to the soil which possesses a uniform character to a considerable depth, to turn up a portion of it, which has been made fertile by the nutritious substances, that have been carried down by rain and melted snow.

Farmers are generally laboring under one great hallucination by being destitute of the knowledge of the nature of their land. To obtain this knowledge we must resort to experiments or chemical analyses. I prefer the former; still I value the latter, for it tends to suggest proper experiments.

Arable lands are generally composed of lime, alumina, silica, magnesia, oxide of iron, and saline substances. According to the various proportion of these ingredients arises the diversity of soils. When these ingredients are rightly proportioned, the relative degree of fertility depends on the quantity of vegetable and animal substances that are mixed with them. As a general thing, there is an insufficiency of these two manures in our land. Consequently the effect of farmyard manure is exceedingly propitious, nevertheless many of our farmers are so consummately negligent or inadvertent, as to allow it to be thrown from their stables in places exposed to the breaching rain of spring, and it receives frequently all the summer showers previous to its being applied to the land, thus losing nearly one-half of its intrinsic value much to the detriment of the

It is universally admitted that continued cropping impoverishes the soil, particularly when it is not abundantly manured, for each crop diminishes the quantity of vegetable and animal matter and if long continued, completely exhaust it.

Advice to Young Men.

There are thousands of men who possess wealth which has been obtained at the neglect of intellectual cultivation.—Those would give half their fortunes if they could be set back and have the leisure for mental culture which young men are throwing away. Let this be no longer. Commence now to devote an hour or two each evening to study. It may be difficult at first, but it will be easier as you proceed, and at length it will become the most delightful of all your enjoyments. The mind makes the man. Do not suffer yours to be dwarfed by too much enjoyment, either in business or pleasure. Whatever you do for the cultivation of your intellect will be permanent. Every hour expended in this manner will return you five hours of the most elevated enjoyment in after years.

Nor is this all. As you become intelligent, your opportunities for usefulness comes an increase of emolument. The better able you are to help others, the better qualified will you be to help yourselves. Do not, then, trifle away the best years of your existence in low and frivolous pleasures, which will only degrade you, and impair both your usefulness and success in after life.

CHOICE OF FRIENDS.—I know some young people who choose their friends by the eye—the same as they choose a coat or a vest. I do not disapprove of this altogether; for, there is certainly something in every human countenance, less or more attractive, or less or more repulsive; and I would trust more to Lavater than to Spurzheim. But never once form the least estimate of a character until you hear him or her speak. The tones of the voice are the best symptoms in the world whereby to form a true and immediate judgment of character. They are the chords of the soul; and if you have any ear for music; you may as easily judge of the character as of a violin or an organ. There is not a single feature of a character that is not delineated in the tones of the voice. I have been often taken with the appearance and countenance of young men in public assemblies, and yet the very first time I heard them speak, I found at once they were consummate blockheads. But whenever I found the countenance and the voice accord in sweetness, I could then form an estimate of the character, which, in all my life, I have never had occasion to change. But there is one thing, I may affirm—that in the word, among human beings as among sheep, there is not one character, countenance, or voice, exactly like another; and yet, among all this diversity, you scarcely find two individuals in whom there is not some point of contrast which may render them agreeable and acceptable to each other. We are, indeed, strangely and wonderfully made.

Inalienable Rights of Americans.

The following are not enumerated in the Declaration of Independence.

To know any trade or business without the apprenticeship or experience.

To marry without any regard to fortune, state of health, position or opinion of parents or friends.

To have wife and children dependent on the contingencies of business, and in case of sudden death, leave them wholly unprotected.

To put off upon hiring strangers the literary moral and religious education of children.

To teach children no good trade, hoping they will have, when they grow up, wit enough to live on the industry of other people.

To cheat the government if possible.

To hold office without being competent to discharge its duties.

To build houses with nine and six inch walls, and to go to the funerals of tenants, firemen and others, killed by their fall, weeping over the mysterious dispensation of Providence.

To build up cities and towns without parks, and call pestilence a visitation of God.

A NONES BOY.—A boy was once tempted by some of his companions to pluck ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch.

"You need not be afraid," said one of his companions; "for if your father should find out that you had them, he is so kind that he would not hurt you."

"That is the very reason," replied the boy, "why I should not touch them. If he is true, my father would not hurt me, yet my disobedience would hurt my father, and that would be worse than anything else."

"Bob, did you settle that matter with Simpkins yet?"

"Yes—he kicked me off the stump last week, and since that he has stopped bothering me." Bob's ideas of "settling" are certainly original.